

she said, "for she is of the greatest use to me, and I don't want you to be throwing cold water about like some people."

"Not even if I throw it out of Pomona's little door, I suppose."

"No. Don't throw it at all. Discourage people. What would the world be if everybody chilled our aspirations and extraordinary efforts? Like Fulton's steamboat."

"All right," I said; "I'll not discourage her."

It was now getting late in the season. It was quite too cool to sit out on deck in the evening, and our garden began to look desolate.

Our boarder had wheeled up a lot of fresh earth, and had prepared a large bed, in which he had planted turnips. They made an excellent fall crop, he assured us.

From being simply cool it began to be rainy, and the weather grew decidedly unpleasant. But our boarder bade us take courage. This was probably the "equinoctial," and when it was over there would be a delightful Indian summer, and the turnips would grow nicely.

This sounded very well, but the wind blew up cold at night, and there was a great deal of unpleasant rain.

One night it blew what Pomona called a "whirllicane," and we went to bed very early to keep warm. We heard our boarder on deck